



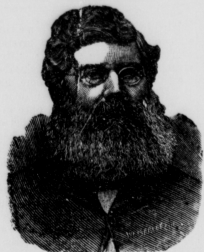
## BLUE GRASS BLADE

FOUNDED 1884.

By

CHARLES CHILTON MOORE.

And edited by him until his death,  
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ton, Kentucky.

The Blade urges upon its readers to  
contribute articles for its columns. The  
post has said "Full many a gem of pure  
rare spirit are the dark, unfathomed  
caves of ocean bear; and the same be-  
true of your mind. Especially do we re-  
quest articles from our younger readers.  
You may not be a kidder, a Wilson, a  
Foots, a Land, or a Wetstein. Very few  
of us are. But you certainly can say  
something that will be of interest to your  
fellow-workers. These great men had  
their beginnings. Let us tell the readers  
of the Blade what you are doing and  
what you are thinking.

### GOD OR MAN OR THERE IS NONE.

(By Otto Wettstein.)

God as defined in the bible: Gen.  
i: 2. "And the spirit of God moved  
upon the face of the waters." He  
was smaller in dimensions than the  
waters of the earth or there would  
have been no object for him to  
move, or he could not have moved  
without moving off.

Gen. i: 3. "And God said, Let  
there be light." He spoke and must  
have had organs of speech.

Gen. i: 4. "And God saw that  
the light was good." Must have had organs  
of sight, eyes, etc.

Gen. i: 26. "And God said, Let  
us make man in our own image,  
after our likeness."

Gen. i: 27. "So God created man  
in his own image, in the image of  
God he created him." This, if the  
plain language of the bible is intended  
to be understood by ordinary mortals,  
absolutely defines God—the de-  
signer, creator and ruler of an in-  
finite universe—composed of infinite  
numbers of worlds, planets, suns,  
systems and constellations, millions  
of them millions times larger than  
this earth and most of them beyond  
the reach of our strongest lenses—  
as a man! Think of it! The art-  
ificer and ruler of a far off un-  
limited universe, a frail insignificant  
pigmy, "in the image" of man. Re-  
sembling man in stature and general  
characteristics, talking to man, like  
man to man, consequently limited  
and local, "walking in the garden,"  
two by six, occupying two feet of

ground, maybe three—not more—yet  
a God, here and there and every-  
where, on, around and beyond the  
earth at one and the same time!

If not miracle what is it?  
Gen. ii: 2. "And he rested on the  
seventh day." Got tired after work-  
ing six days, and, like man, had to  
rest.

Gen. ii: 7. "And God breathed into  
his nostrils." Necessitating or-  
ganic life, lungs and associated or-  
gans—heart, liver, stomach, etc., to  
effect the respiratory process, and  
without which breathing is impos-  
sible.

Gen. ii: 21. "And he (God) took  
one of the ribs..." and made a  
woman, clearly an act necessitating  
great mechanical ingenuity, hands,  
arms, etc.

Gen. iii: 8. "And they heard the  
voice of God walking in the cool of  
the day, and Adam and his wife hid  
themselves from the presence of the  
Lord among the trees." This em-  
phatically establishes the anthro-  
pomorphic proportions of the bible-  
God. He walked. Implying limbs,  
limit, desire to move, to be where he  
was not, not to be where he was, etc.

Gen. iii: 9. "And the Lord God  
called unto him, Where art thou?"  
Adam and said unto him, Where art  
thou? This implies ignorance on  
the part of God, fallibility and not  
omnipotence or omniscience. He  
"walked" in the garden showing  
clearly he could not have been as  
large as the garden, or he in every  
part of it at one and the same time.  
He called for Adam, showing igno-  
rance as to Adam's whereabouts, who  
hid himself among the trees a few  
yards away.

Gen. iii: 10. "And he (Adam)  
said I heard the voice..." and hid  
himself."

Gen. iii: 11. "And he (God)  
said, etc."

Gen. iii: 12. "And the man  
said, etc."

Gen. iii: 13. "And the Lord  
said, etc."

This personal conversation be-  
tween God and Adam, and subse-  
quently with many other persons,  
absolutely defines and establishes the  
bible-God to have been a person—  
"in the image" of man.

The personality of the christian's  
God fully established (and the church  
has recognized their God as such  
since its inception) the question  
arises what relation as a ruler or  
factor to change natural and cosmic  
phenomena at will—can such a lim-  
ited personage hold to an unlimited  
universe? What can a being, in the  
image of man, do towards the cre-  
ation of the world or the movement  
even of the smallest planet within  
its mighty orbit? We might with  
more reason expect a fly to resist  
the power of an enraged elephant or  
the velocity of a lightning express  
train, as to believe that a ruler, in  
the image of man can control the earth  
in its flight through space, saying  
nothing of the countless millions of  
other planets sweeping through their  
respective orbits.

Last evening we witnessed the in-  
teresting phenomenon of the transit  
of Mercury across the face of the  
sun. To the reflective mind such  
rare cosmic events ever suggest pro-  
found thought. The planet had  
the appearance of a tiny black dot,  
about the size of a pin, in comparison  
to the grand disc upon which it was  
visible. It occurred to my skeptical  
and prosaic mind: Suppose the  
bible-God were placed in identical  
position, how big would he appear?

How strong would the lenses have  
to be to discern this God thirty mil-  
lions of miles away. How could he exist,  
fly, stand, walk or float "up there"?  
The bible says nothing about his  
having wings, and if he had he could  
not fly nor live beyond this earth's  
atmosphere. Being many times  
nearer the sun than the earth, con-  
ditions favorable to organic life do  
probably not exist, so he could not  
live "up there" even if he got there.  
And if, per chance, he would and  
could venture within the orbit of a  
planet or sun, what would be the fate  
of any living being while these are  
rushing through space at the rate of  
a thousand miles a minute? How  
could it escape instantaneous annihi-  
lation?

But supposing, for argument's  
sake, we concede God to be im-  
mensely larger than man, a mon-  
strous giant—say his head as large  
as Mercury, his body as large as the  
earth, and his extremities in pro-  
portion—this colossal being had  
occupied the identical position last  
evening occupied by Mercury how  
would he then have appeared to us?

How large then would have been his  
comparative size to the sun and the  
remainder of the universe not then  
occupied by him? He would simply  
have resembled two black specks or  
peas, or a small black spider crawl-  
ing on the disc of the sun—a million  
of them needed to entirely eclipse  
the face of our sun alone, and not  
mentioning the infinite expanse of  
space beyond the sun in every direc-  
tion, not hidden or covered by this

magnified God. And if, per chance,  
this exaggerated and, to us, mon-  
strous large God would get behind  
the sun or Sirius, we frail mortals,  
would, of course, not be able to see  
him at all, and what's worse, he  
would be absolutely unable to see  
us; thus clearly, in that case, leav-  
ing the world and infinite number of  
other planets,—all hidden by the sun,  
for the time being without a God, or  
goddess near!

Yet the bible insists that a God,  
in the image of man, made the earth,  
the sun, the stars existing throughout  
boundless space (if he moved at  
the rate of millions of miles a sec-  
ond for billions of years, he could  
never visit them) and in comparison  
to which the largest God conceivable  
is not as one grain of sand compared  
to the earth!

If not miracle, if not fable, if not  
superstition, what, in the name of  
reason, is it?

He, after making the earth first,  
made the sun and placed it in the  
heavens, for the benefit of man,  
ninety-three millions of miles away!  
How did he make it, handle it after  
it was made and move it to that re-  
mote distance without burning him-  
self? How did he, walking at one  
time in the garden and holding a  
conversation with Adam, get of  
there, ninety-three millions of miles  
away with his burning, scorching,  
roaring, red-hot ball of fire which  
would instantly, at one gulp cremate  
and swallow up the entire world with  
its 1,500,000,000 of men and women,  
and his God and Devil thrown in for  
seasoning and then come back next  
day safe and sound to finish his cre-  
ative job on earth?

If not a miracle what is it?  
But I am aware that many theo-  
logians of the new school of thought,  
recognizing the absurdity of the bible  
man-God (from which, however,  
their new God is derived) have  
postulated a "higher and truer con-  
ception of the Divine Being"—a  
spiritual, unseen, omnipresent God  
who possesses all the attributes and  
functions of a personal God, but not  
in his physical form—a God who can  
see without eyes, hear without ears,  
live without an organization, think  
without a brain, etc. A God who can  
be here, there and everywhere at one  
and the same time, no matter whether  
a man, a mountain or a star al-  
ready monopolizes the space. A God  
who in his entirety fills all the uni-  
verse, yet a God who can exist com-  
plete in a flower, the morning star,  
the love of a woman, etc. A God who  
fills all space, yet can exist unlim-  
ited and complete in the eye of a  
needle or in the heart of man. Im-  
plying ten thousand millions of com-  
plete Gods yet all one and the same  
God. These profound philosophers  
scornfully reject the sun and holy  
ghost of the trinity but believe in a  
miracle infinitely more ridiculous.

They pretend to see their God in  
nature, when it is nature alone they  
see. They call the "God" when it is  
but a human attribute based upon  
the passions. They call the power  
behind all phenomena "God" when  
they know it is not God but simply  
the eternal, will-less, soul-less at-  
tributes, forces and potencies of mat-  
ter. If not sophistry, what is it?

A God—all Gods—implies a think-  
ing, planning, seeing, hearing,  
breathing organized living being.  
This necessitates organic structure,  
and this, of necessity, is limited,  
finite and, this necessity, destroys  
all Gods. And therefore all concep-  
tions of such infinite, eternal, omni-  
scent and omnipresent beings are but  
the phantasmagoria of a dull and  
morbid world-conception, which have  
no reality, which science does not  
recognize or verify, which reason  
repudiates, and last but not least  
which a God himself, if he were real,  
is unwilling to demonstrate.

As the bible God has been ex-  
plored and is now repudiated by all  
the best minds within the church, so  
all other Gods will explode in the  
near future and faith in the eternal  
and immutable order of the universe  
alone survive.

La Grange, Illinois.

### THE MILLENNIUM

Rest Time That Has Been Hid  
by Satan's Flesh Teachings  
Brought to Light.

(By E. G. Chase.)

What is the sign that the millen-  
nium came at the cross, Christ abol-  
ished in his flesh the enmity, the  
law of the Jews ten commandments  
contained in ordinances for to make  
in himself of twin one new shep-  
herd God men so making peace.

The Father winked at saving the  
Jews by flesh and blood sacrifices  
but now commanded all flesh to re-  
pent of serving him, and the time  
of the millennium is come, when I  
will be worshipped in spirit and in  
truth by My Son.

Christ became the Holy Ghost at the  
cross, and the children of the  
(Continued on page 3)

### HOW IT HAPPENED.

The man who is always asking fool-  
ish questions approached the tough  
looking citizen who was sitting on the  
steps of his shanty nursing a sore  
head.

"What's the matter with your head?"  
asked Mr. Buttin.

"Depression in it," was the laconic  
response.

"What kind of a depression?"  
"Business depression."

"I'm! That's a queer place for a  
business depression. How did you get  
it?"

"Trying to meddle in other peo-  
ple's business. Now, trot on, stranger,  
before you get one of those depres-  
sions yourself. They are catching."

And Mr. Buttin "trotted."

### Too Late.

Dobson—Were there no restaurants  
in Newville?  
Dinwiddle—There were 10.

Dobson—Then why did you have so  
much trouble getting a meal?  
Dinwiddle—I arrived too late.

Dobson—But you told me you ar-  
rived at 10 in the morning.  
Dinwiddle—So I did; but that was  
too late; the sheriff had arrived the  
day before.

### The Feminine Idea.

She—Dear, I saved a great deal of  
money today.  
He—Glad to hear it. How did you do  
it?

She—I bought a handsome rug for  
only \$20.  
He—But, my dear, we don't need a  
new rug.

She—We know we don't, but if we  
had needed it we would have had to  
pay \$45 for it.

### Getting Ready.

Ives—Young Loafster, who is going  
to marry Smith's daughter, isn't an  
industrious fellow.

Beers—No, he isn't industrious, and  
Smith evidently realizes the fact and  
is preparing for the inevitable result.

Ives—What do you mean by that?  
Beers—Why, I mean that Smith is  
enlarging his house to make room for  
the young man.

### EITHER ONE.

Mrs. Dewart—What is that piece  
that Kitty is singing?

Mr. Dewart—It's either an aria from  
"Parfai" or she has seen a mouse and  
is scared.

### Ancient and Modern.

The ox-eyed maid of other days  
Was beautiful and true,  
But could they reach the proximate  
Beauties we have now?

### A Desecration.

"Sharps and Platts" is the heading  
over the Boston Advertiser's column  
of tipped-up graves. The editor of  
see this. The memory of Eugene  
Field and the original "Sharps and  
Platts" column seems desecrated by  
such usage of the title.

### Sighs.

"What was the bridge of sighs?"  
asked the woman who was looking at  
the picture book.

"I suppose," replied Mrs. Flimgit,  
"that is one of those games in which  
you are obliged to make it spades  
every time."

### On Funds.

"Did Billy call up his girl on the  
long distance?"  
"No."  
"Why not?"  
"He was too short."

### The Certain One.

"Well, there is at least one state in  
which you women will always have  
the say."

### Something Wrong.

"Post committed suicide because he  
was overworked."  
"Pooh! He couldn't have been so  
very busy or he wouldn't have found  
time to do it in."—Life.

### Perhaps.

"Who was it said 'Life is just one  
thing after another'?"  
"Probably a fellow who saw a  
'fish' trying to catch a 'blind  
tiger.'"

### Be Plain.

"Where will you spend the heated  
term?"  
"Pardon me, before I answer—are  
you a summer resort agent or an  
evangelist?"

### THIS IS PHILOSOPHIZING.

I even a box of crackers.  
My notes are freshly pressed.  
My English theses—pads almost new—  
Friend, you may keep the rest!

For simple little comforts,  
Like those that fate hath sent,  
Beside the human soul  
And fill it with content.

But happiness is transient  
Philosophy well known:  
One episode brought mine to grief  
And leaped my cup with weal.

One zero night the steam  
Was shut off at eleven.  
When I came in, to be thawed out—  
Oh then where was my Heaven?  
—Harvard Lampoon.

### IN THEIR VALEDTORIES.

"I don't know what we can do to  
save the country."

"Wait a couple of months and the  
high school graduates will tell us."

### Rather Puzzling.

There's one thing we can't understand:  
The sort of woman who says:  
"But why they all should fear mice and  
Yet be so fond of 'rats.'"

### How It Was.

"I certainly admire that man."  
"What in the world for?"  
"His will power."

"He has no will power at all."  
"Why, he told me that he just made  
up his mind to quit smoking and he  
quit."

### Gallery Gods.

Tall Tragedian—You seem to think  
a lot of those petrified potatoes that  
were thrown at you over the foot  
lights last night? Going to take them  
away as souvenirs?

Low Comedian—Why shouldn't I?  
Wouldn't you call them the "gifts of  
the gods"?

### Didn't Get the Earth.

Hyker—Hello, old chap! Allow me  
to congratulate you.  
Pyker—Congratulations! What for?

Hyker—Why, it is reported that you  
have recently inherited a landed es-  
tate.

Pyker—Well, the report is ground-  
less, I'm sorry to say.

### Suitable, Indeed.

Gunner—They are now making imi-  
tation celluloid collars out of goat's  
milk.

Guyey—H'm! They don't require  
any fancy names for those collars.  
Gunner—What would you suggest?  
Guyey—Why, the "Buttin Brand"  
would be as good as any.

### Efficacious.

Friend—What? You don't mean to  
say that you saved the lives of those  
freezing men by mental treatment?

Explorer—Yes, indeed. We per-  
suaded them that they were watching  
one of the early season's ball  
games.—Puck.

### But Not Frank.

Fred—It is idle in you to expect a  
frank expression from that girl. She  
will say anything for a box of choco-  
lates.

Will—Well, isn't that her candor  
opinion?

### HIS ESTIMATE OF IT.

Jinks—This good advice of mine  
doesn't cost you a cent.

Hinks—Well, even at that it costs  
more than it's worth.

### The Reason.

They named the infant Browning.  
For the reason was very grand.  
And then he said so many things  
They couldn't understand.

### They Knew What She Was.

Mrs. Gildersleeve—How do Ethel's  
parents regard her fiancé?  
Mrs. Kearney—Well, they don't re-  
gard the young man with any degree  
of envy.

### Such Ignorance!

"Mythology tells us that Hercules  
once held the world up for Atlas."  
"What was the matter with Atlas?  
Did his bat blow off?"

### Not Convincing.

Lady (at the jeweler's)—Is this dia-  
mond genuine?  
Jeweler—As genuine as your own  
hair madam.

Lady—Ahem! Let me see something  
else.—Red Hen.

### Just So.

"It took me three weeks," said the  
traveling salesman, "to get an audi-  
ence with the king. But it was worth  
the trouble. He conferred a decoration  
upon me."  
"Hooked an order did you?"

### PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT.

Chief Justice Taney, driving through  
the Tennessee mountains once broke  
one of the shafts of his buggy. A  
small colored boy came riding by on a  
mule. The justice hailed him.

"Here, my boy," he said, "can you  
help me fix my buggy?"

"Sure, boss," answered the boy, and  
fixing a hitcher while he soon fixed  
the shaft so that it was quite service-  
able.

"Well, well," said the learned judge,  
"now, why couldn't I have done that?"  
"I dunno, boss," replied his first aid,  
"unless some one knows more than  
others."—Success.

### Wouldn't Waste the Oil.

Diogenes stared anxiously at his  
lantern. The wick flicked sputtered  
and when he shook the vessel it gave  
forth no gurgling sound. The oil reser-  
voir was empty—and the lantern was  
out.

"What place is this?" he anxiously  
asked a grimy native.

"This is Pittsburgh."  
The searcher for honest men looked  
relieved.

"There's no use lighting up here,"  
he said. "I'll wait until I get out-  
side."

### Charitable.

"Why are you so sad, my poor  
man?" asked the housewife, pausing  
a moment from her house cleaning.

"Ah, mum," sighed the tired tramp,  
"I can't help being and when I think  
of the cold, cold world, I asked the  
woman down de street for a night's  
lodging, and she says I could sleep  
in her bin of anthracite. You wouldn't  
be so cruel, would you, mum?"

"No, indeed, my poor man. If you  
will shake those two rugs I'll let you  
sleep in my blumblous bin. That is  
soft coal, you know."

### Expensive.

Inquisitive Aunt Jessica—Paul, do  
you send a letter to your fiancée ev-  
ery day?

Paul—I should say not. If I sent  
her a letter as often as that I'd be  
broke in less than a week.

Inquisitive Aunt Jessica—Why,  
Paul, what do you mean?

Paul—Simply this: My letters are  
so valuable to her that she makes  
me send them all by registered mail.

### COULDN'T HELP IT.

"Do you think he's honest?"  
"No, He often cheats himself when  
he plays solitaire."

### It Would Seem So.

The short man ought to do more work  
Than the tallest man can do it.  
For the reason is plain.  
He's so much nearer to it.

### Browning's Magazine.

### Her Soft Answer.

Young Mr. Meaningwell (at break-  
fast table)—This egg is as hard as a  
brickbat.

Young Mrs. Meaningwell—Never  
mind, dear; be patient; I'll just ring  
the bell and have Mary boil the egg  
a little longer.

### The Drawback.

Miss Pert—There is one bad thing  
about these chic Chanticleer fashion  
effects.

Miss Smart—What's that?

Miss Pert—They won't be left to us  
young girls. All the old hens will be  
wearing them.

### Distinctions.

"Do you think that current litera-  
ture is a dignified and desirable pro-  
fession?"

"It depends," replied Miss Cayenne,  
"on whether you are a penny-a-liner  
or a dollar-a-worder."

### Too Much for Him.

"Young man," said the busy mer-  
chant to an applicant for an office po-  
sition, "can you keep books?"

"No, sir," replied the y. m. "I used  
to think I could, but the book borrow-  
ers were too much for me."

### Not Convincing.

Lady (at the jeweler's)—Is this dia-  
mond genuine?  
Jeweler—As genuine as your own  
hair madam.

Lady—Ahem! Let me see something  
else.—Red Hen.

### Just So.





## POTENCY OF FREETHOUGHT

Editor Journal: Being a Free Thinker, I would like to make a reply to Rev. J. L. Boyd's criticism of free thought or "infidelity" as he terms it, in your May 12th, issue. His inferences being illogically drawn are unjust to free thought. He infers that because the college founded by Free Thinkers at Lateral, Mo., has disappeared and pretty much all of the colony there dispersed after meeting with all opposition that Christians could command against it, who even went so far as to build up a town in opposition to it, that because it did not survive is proof, he says, that "constructively infidelity has nothing to its credit" and that so important a thing is it that it cannot live alone. History is full of accounts of colleges and libraries being destroyed by the moved followers of the cross; truths crushed to earth and held in contempt for ages; their votaries despised, hated or banished or murdered; truths which, after their long slumber are now accepted and cherished by the intelligent. Their long sleep was not the result of their impotency but the peoples' ignorance. The land of the birth of the cross, the cradle of christianity was conquered and appropriated by a faith infidel to it. "The christian's only remaining hope was to regain its graveyard. Does this fact prove the impotency of christianity and the power of the infidel crescent? Will Brother Boyd answer? In what did the potency of christianity consist during the dark ages? Did it then occupy the throne, if not why?

The potency or impotency of any theory can only be measured by its ability to withstand intelligent criticism; investigation where both sides are fairly and fully presented, its judges being men capable of reasoning. The tactics of keeping one side in the dark is as treacherous a mode of warfare against truth as burning at the stake for the same purpose, and those who adopt it show the impotency of the theory for which they apply it; in so doing they also show their own insincerity and dishonesty.

I think in fairness the Journal ought to and will publish this; even in the interest of christians, for to refuse in their behalf, it seems to me, would be to acknowledge the impotency of the christian religion. I would further say to Brother Boyd that no infidel on this green earth builds hopes simply on negations; nor do they attempt to deceive themselves or others for the sake of a hope for which there is not a shadow of evidence. Nor have they any fears for an alleged lake of fire burning with brimstone of which even the faithful are ashamed and attempt to figure into a new meaning found only in imagination.

Bracewell, Iowa.

## THE END OF THE WORLD

(Milan Republican.)

I am in receipt of a marked copy sent me by one of your subscribers of an article headed, "Thinking Near," by some Bible student, in your March 10 issue. From the establishment of christianity to the present, hundreds of different dates have been fixed for the end of the world, all of which theories have come to an end; but the old earth plods on. Many persons in the past have disposed of all their early efforts and have refused to cultivate the soil so great was their faith in the near approach of the great conflagration. But people are rapidly losing faith in interpretations of Bible predictions; at least it is now hard to find one of sufficient faith to bank, in a financial way, on the same.

We may not absolutely know of the future, but may have a strong probability of it from the past. It is because nature runs by laws of eternal sameness that history is so likely to repeat itself. We may not absolutely know that the sun will rise tomorrow morning but the chances are billions to one that it will for it has raised billions of mornings before. Geologists have proven that this earth has existed during an immense period of time, in their opinion several billion years, and the probability that it will come to an end within a thousand years would not be one in a million for it takes a million thousand to make a billion.

But we are asked to lay science and observation aside and simply take the Bible on this subject. But is the objector willing to do these? Let us see. We are shown by the simplest and plainest Bible teaching that the time set for the end of the world is now past; and one to make it refer to some future time will have to twist plain Bible teaching out of its natural meaning. Now right here we are met with the objection—it could not refer to the

past for the world never came to an end in the past. So they are here giving observation (or science) in preference to the Bible. When Jesus taught the end of the world, and the destruction of the temple and the establishment of his kingdom and judgment day as confined to that generation in which he lived and during the life time of his disciples. (Matt 24:34. Matt. 16:27-28) did he mean by the "end of the world" the end of the Jewish age or was the writer simply predicting something that never took place? We will not take issue here in this essay; our object being simply to show that the time for the predicted event is now past. The book of Revelations does not name events that are now future: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me." It shows things that "must shortly come to pass." See first and last chapters. Jesus was made to tell his disciples that they would not have time to visit all of Israel's cities "until the Son of Man be come." Matt. 10:23. Speaking of judgment why did Jesus admonish his disciples to watch for they knew not what hour the Son of Man could come, if he was not to come during their lifetime? Why admonish them to be doing good works at that time when he knew they would die thousands of years before?

The book of Daniel was not known until B. C. 165. It was then written by an unknown writer to encourage the followers of the Maccabean brothers in their struggle for liberty, so asserts the higher critics. This writer was for the Jews what Joan of Arc was for the French of the 15th century. He made Daniel predict what he knew himself to be history and went no farther except he looked for Jehovah to set up a great kingdom at Jerusalem that would take in the whole world. It cannot be shown that he knew anything taking place during our times. The fourth king in Daniel 725 who was to make war against the most high was without doubt the tyrant Antioch Epiphanes who was routed by the Maccabees and their valiant Zealots.

A. A. SNOW.

Lineville, Iowa.

## PRIEST

Shot Through the Head, After Gibson Had Murdered His Wife When He Returned With Her From a Drive.

ST. PAUL, MINN., May 29.—P. J. Gibson, a well-known business man of South St. Paul, took his wife out driving today, returned with her to her home in that suburb, blew out her brains, and then went to the priest house of Father Walsh, of the Church of St. Augustine, shot him through the head and again through the hips.

When both of his victims were dead, Gibson walked eight blocks with his revolver in his hand and surrendered to Chief of Police McCormick at the South St. Paul Central headquarters. Gibson is in jail at the suburb, where the Chief of Police swore in deputies to withstand the gathering mobs of infuriated foreigners who were working in the packing plants at South St. Paul and are Catholics. The mobs were quickly dispersed, however, and no further trouble is anticipated.

Gibson and his wife had not been living together, it is said, for a year. They had eight children, and Gibson is said to have called to see them about every two weeks and spent the afternoon with them. Today he called early at the house in a carriage, and the neighbors saw him take his wife out of the home and drive away with her.

In a statement tonight Gibson declared that Father Walsh had been too intimate with his wife.

## ROMAN OCTOPUS AND THE FUTURE HOME

While small numbers of Free Thinkers gather and organize societies with high sounding titles—to let them die in their infancy—this gigantic octopus, known as the Catholic Church, is colonizing the United States, preparatory to making this the future home of the infatigable (?) pope and his contingency. Quite recently an immigrant train carried a load of Hollanders—the head of each family averaging \$1,000 in his pocket—into the wooded Minnesota where many thousands of acres of land are open to their settlement. Every Dutchman in this crowd is a Catholic and his church has acted as his real estate agent. The church selected the location and made all the arrangements for the transportation of these people from crowded Europe to fruitful America. America, the land for whose freedom Jefferson, Paine and Lincoln struggled,

is systematically and rapidly being prepared for the reception and support of the pope and his retinue. We can see the "hand" writing on the wall. Why would the church want to remove Catholics from a Catholic nation to a non-Catholic nation? Does she not see that her power in the old countries is waning, that the Latins have been trampled to the turning point, that her friends in Ireland are not yet strong enough to provide for her there a diamond studded palace in the haven of security? Where should she turn for a domicile but to this big open-hearted America, the nation that takes the cast offs of other nations and permits them to send home their earnings to the mother church and her parasites? The church leaders realize that the time is not far distant when the nations of Europe will follow the example of progressive France and turn the light of investigation into the dungeons and destroy the rapacious people that have for centuries been subsisting on the life blood of their people. The church in her wisdom—and she is wise—is looking this way for a refuge and she is being encouraged and toadied to by our leading politicians (known as statesmen), who are willing to sell themselves for a "mess of pottage"—aye, sell the liberty of the race to come for a few paltry votes from the ignorant Catholics of today.

What are you as a Free Thinker and lover of liberty going to do about it? Will you go on arguing among yourself about monism, materialism, spiritualism, socialism, and a hundred other isms, or will you, like Paine, declare the whole world to be your country and the whole human race your people and put your shoulder to the wheel of progress and help humanity move onward and upward over the hill of superstition to that beautiful valley of freedom beyond? How can you help the human race to reach this paradise that long since destroyed by the early christians? By ceasing to flay your brother because he does not believe according to your pet ism. If he will help us to eradicate parochial corruption and superstition we need him, regardless of whether he believes in intelligence of matter, or whether he expects to live again. We need him to help us build workman's cottages out of the material now piled up in monasteries; to help us make happy fathers and mothers of the gloomy black clothed celibates; to help collect taxes from the parasites of the earth, thus reducing the tax of the farmer and the tradesman; to help us teach the poor workwoman that the nickel that goes into the contribution box will take her and her babe to the sweet-smelling country, where salvation from bodily and mental disease is free.

If you are a half-baked infidel and go to church because you have no other place to go and drop your nickel in the box because others do it; take a book and spend the church hour under a shade tree. When some one asks your religion don't say "I have none," but say with Paine "to do good is my religion" and don't tell a lie when you say it.

If you have only been existing, begin to live, be happy and cheerful and you will radiate happiness and cheerfulness as the sun radiates light and heat. If you have a vote,

cast it for freedom, regardless of the way your daddy voted and regardless of your location as to Mason & Dixon's line. Vote for the man who will give us the greatest amount of freedom and justice—not mercy. I hate that word mercy, it nauseates—reminds me of the big sugar coated pills that I could never swallow because I was always thinking of the black interior. Vote for the man who will collect taxes from the church as well as from the poor widow; vote for the man who will make the saints pay their railroad fare; vote for the man who will stop the wholesale importation, colonization and naturalization of Catholic criminals, that are fast filling our almshouses and prisons and thus increasing our taxes.

Will you fight with the Paines and Jeffersons or will you allow the octopus to gather you in with his far reaching tentacles?

MINNIE PAUL.

## THE SADDEST STORY OF ALL HUMAN LIFE

If we are to believe scriptural statements, angels were once as common on earth as mortal men; walking and talking, eating, drinking, marrying, deceiving, striking people dumb, and doing all manner of vile tricks. On one occasion the chief angel of heaven, Gabriel, walked up to Zacharius who was performing services at the altar and told him such an astounding story that Zacharius wearily asked whereby shall I know this, for I am an old man. To which the chief angel replied: I am Gabriel that stands in the presence of God, thou shalt be dumb, and not be able to speak until the day that these things shall be performed, because thou believest not my words. See first chapter St. Luke. Read also in this chapter one of the strangest and boldest stories of all human life. It is in regard to Mary, the mother of Jesus. It is too long for production here, but turn to the chapter and read for yourself. Here are our comments upon it.

That God should make such fair promises, that the child should reign in royal splendor on the throne of Israel and then permit him to be driven from his humble home without where to lay his head, scourged and spit upon and cruelly killed without one pitying word, is beyond our power to love for a moment. A human being or any other being who would act thus, even if it was the god of love himself, should receive our utmost scorn. The poor mother in fear and anxiety must sorrow on until she finally had come again to her, all at once her hope was blasted, her innocent son was falsely accused and arrested, shamefully denied justice and horribly and heartlessly put to death. Now we ask why will men professing to be "fair," write and teach such lamentable stuff to the utter shame of God and their fellowmen. There is nothing commendable in this story, from any possible viewpoint, human or divine. It is blasphemous and there is no sensible ground for argument to sustain it. It is truly the saddest story of all human life that millions have been forced to believe these tales—utterly absurd and impossible of being true.

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